

## Champion of My Heart

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Summary: A tournament is held for Prince Jack's hand in marriage, but his brown-haired knight is the only one he has eyes for. Knight AU. Hijack.

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**\*\*Author's Note\*\***: This feels somewhat similar to the Slave!AU I wrote some time ago, but Hiccup and Jack's positions are slightly swapped here. In any case, please enjoy :)

**\*\*Disclaimer\*\***: I do not own Rise of the Guardians or How to Train Your Dragon.

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><p><strong>Champion of My Heart<strong>

"Hiccup, get me out of this."

"Sorry, no can do."

"Let me rephrase that. I order you to get me out of this."

"First of all, I'm a knight, not a slave. Second of all, your father's orders override yours, so the answer's still no."

Jack let out a cry of frustration and threw his hands up, sinking down on his bed. "I don't want to watch the stupid tournament! It's pointless!"

"The tournament is meant to -"

"I know, but I don't want anyone else except you!"

Hiccup blinked in surprise at the outburst before smiling warmly and

kneeling in front of the white-haired man. "Believe me Jack, I am very happy that you return my feelings. But according to the law, unless the king himself gives me his permission, only those of royal blood may court you."

"Screw the law," Jack hissed angrily, reaching out to clutch the brunet tightly. "And you're not just a knight, you're my knight. Why can't my father let us be together?"

"We practically grew up next to each other," Hiccup reminded him. "Remember how we first met?"

"How could I forget? I rescued your skinny ass from that deranged general wannabe," the prince teased weakly. It seemed like only yesterday that Jack had stumbled across the son of one of his father's most respected generals in the royal gardens. He was sitting on the back of the young blacksmith who had just moved to Burgess with his guardian a few days prior, pinning him down while forcefully submerging his head in a pond. The smaller boy was bucking his hips uselessly, trying to shake the redhead off, and his frantic thrashing had begun to slow down when Jack intervened. Needless to say, the general's son was no longer allowed in the palace after that. Jack also made a new friend that day, and the two had been inseparable ever since.

The brunet paid him back only months later, when a secret meeting in the blacksmith's workshop ended up saving the prince from a kidnapping. Jack had sneaked out of his room in the middle of the night to visit his friend, who wanted to show him one of the latest inventions he had come up with under his guardian's tutelage. When the kidnapper descended upon them during a demonstration, he startled the poor blacksmith and promptly found himself entangled in a bola attached to a shield. The recoil had been too much for the young boy, sending him crashing backwards into the prince, and his grip had loosened on the shield just in time for the retracting mechanism to kick in, slamming the wooden board into the kidnapper and knocking him out. The commotion attracted the attention of the guards, who quickly apprehended the intruder. Not too long after, Hiccup expressed his interest to be a knight and in light of recent events, the king didn't hesitate to give consent for his training.

"Tell you what, if you go to the tournament and behave, I'll give you a surprise when it's over."

"What kind of surprise?" the prince asked in suspicion, narrowing his eyes.

"Well, it wouldn't be a surprise if I told you, would it?" Hiccup laughed. "Trust me, if all goes well, I'll make sure you won't regret it."

"Fine..." Jack relented with a defeated sigh before his lips quirked up in a smirk. "But give me a kiss first?"

His knight was more than happy to oblige.

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><p>"Sit up straight, son. And smile for the people," the king said, frowning at the prince slouching in his seat.<p>

Jack contemplated pretending not to hear, but then he practically jerked upright when he saw Hiccup turning to walk away. "Wait, you're not staying?" he asked in shock.

Shaking his head apologetically, the knight's gaze flickered briefly towards the king. "I have other orders, my prince. Please excuse me."

The curtains swished behind him as he left, leaving Jack to stare after him dejectedly.

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><p>It was in the middle of the tournament when a shiver went up Jack's spine, and he looked to the side to see Kozmotis materializing from the shadows. "I hate it when you do that," he muttered, sending the sorcerer a grumpy frown.<p>

The dark haired man paid him no attention and turned to the king instead. "My lord, I need to speak to you in private," he said urgently, earning a nod as the older man stood up from his seat and followed him behind the curtains, where the roar of the crowds in the arena outside could not interrupt them.

"What is it?"

"You were right about the spies in our midst, but there has been an unexpected development," Kozmotis informed him solemnly. "Almost all of the competitors have been coerced into throwing the match or withdrawing completely. Those who refused to comply were swiftly disposed of."

"And what of our champion?" the king asked.

"Still holding strong, despite the several attempts at sabotage. He has enabled my shadows to capture most of the spies and at the rate the tournament is proceeding, we can deduce the likely winner and apprehend him before this goes any further. But there are still a few of his men planted in the crowds and the prisoners refuse to reveal who they are."

The king was silent for a long while as he stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Continue as you were," he decided finally. "I have faith that our champion will make it to the final round, and his perseverance will surely weed out all the spies hidden within the competitors. As for those left..." He gave the sorcerer a sharp look. "You will need to act fast when the time comes."

"Understood, my lord."

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><p>Jack cringed slightly at the deafening cheer erupting from the crowds as the red knight in the arena held up his sword in victory, standing over his defeated opponent. Each round was to be a fair dual, not a fight to the death, but it looked as if the red knight was taking the whole contest really seriously from the way he showed his opponents no mercy.<p>

Soon enough, the presenter was announcing the start of the final round, which surprised Jack since he distinctly recalled the list of candidates to be much longer. Nevertheless, the sooner the tournament ended the better. He perked up slightly when the final competitor walked into the arena, recognizing the black armor with the crest of Berk engraved on it and the mysterious mask covering his face.

This competitor was one of the more honorable ones, and even though Jack's heart already belonged to another, he knew that he would have chosen the masked Berkian over the red knight. Berk was one of Burgess's closest allies, and it was also the kingdom where Hiccup used to live. He had fled to Burgess with his guardian when civil war had broken out many years ago. Although things were peaceful now, the knight refused to leave his side to return home.

A frown crossed the prince's face when he noticed how scratched and dented the Berkian's armor was. Had there been some roughhousing among the competitors in the tents? He turned to his father beside him and was about to voice his concern when the referee struck the gong signalling the start of the match.

Bright sparks burst forth where the two knights' swords collided. Both of them fought valiantly and matched each other move for move. While the red knight seemed to be the obvious winner in all his previous fights, his opponent was actually giving him a run for his money this time. Jack couldn't help but lean forward in his seat, entranced by the show. After what felt like hours of endless dueling, the Berkian finally got the upper hand and threw the red knight to the ground, pressing the tip of his sword against his throat in an unspoken demand for submission. The crowd was silent as they waited for the red knight to drop his weapons in defeat.

The next thing Jack knew, an arrow was suddenly lodged into the Berkian's right shoulder, causing him to stumble backwards in pain. He raised the shield in his left hand to deflect a few more arrows sent his way, some pelting harmlessly against his armor. Jack stood up in protest, ready to call the whole tournament off, only to find himself promptly yanked back down. He stared at his father in disbelief as the older man shook his head in warning.

Then there was screaming coming from the crowds, and the prince turned his head just in time to see black sand erupting from the stands, converging on several individuals dotted around the arena. He immediately recognized Kozmotis's handiwork and realized that the sorcerer had used the arrows to locate the archers hidden in the audience. But his eyes widened in horror when he spotted the red knight getting up, preparing to charge at his distracted and wounded opponent.

"Look out!" the prince cried, though he knew the Berkian wouldn't be able to hear him amid the chaos. And even if he did, his sword arm hung limply at his side, barely maintaining its grip on the weapon. Jack's heart nearly stopped when he dropped his shield, leaving him entirely open.

What happened next completely floored anyone who was watching.

Seconds before the red knight was about to run his opponent through, the Berkian's sword switched hands and he swung around, blocking the

attack. Jack held his breath as he watched the red knight being forced back, trying to counter whatever his opponent threw at him. Now that the archers had been taken care of, the Berkian could focus on the fight. Despite his injury, he seemed to be faring pretty well using his non-dominant hand, if not better. In fact, Jack would even go so far as to say that he was actually left-handed. But left-handed knights were rare, and there was only one whom the prince knew personally...

"Hiccup?" he whispered in disbelief, just as the red knight's weapon was knocked away from his hand. The Berkian delivered a vicious kick to his chest, sending him flying out of the arena and crashing into the stands in an unconscious heap.

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><p>Jack sprinted across the throne room when the limping Berkian was escorted inside, and he practically threw himself into the knight's arms with a cry when he removed his mask to reveal familiar green eyes and a freckled face.<p>

"What were you doing in there?" he demanded angrily, pounding his fists against the thick armor. His worried look softened when the brunet hissed lightly in pain, and he slung his uninjured arm across his shoulders to support him.

The king walked calmly towards them, and Hiccup bowed his head in respect. "It is done, my lord," the knight said.

"Wait, you knew about this?" Jack gasped, whipping his head towards his father in betrayal.

"There had been talks of spies in our kingdom, plotting and biding their time to worm their way onto the throne," the king explained patiently. "We predicted that they would take advantage of the tournament to strike, and we needed a champion to make sure that they didn't succeed."

"So you used Hiccup as bait? Father, how could you?" Jack cried with outrage, glaring at the older man. "He could have been killed!"

"It was worth it," Hiccup gave him a tired smile. "We had... an agreement. I was to infiltrate the tournament and draw out the spies. Whether I won or not was secondary."

"In exchange for what?" The prince rounded on his knight and tightened his grip on him. "What could possibly be so important that you'd risk your life like this?"

Hiccup's arm slid off his shoulders and he dropped to the floor. Alarmed, Jack moved to catch him before he hit the ground, but then he realized that the brunet had gone down on one knee before him, instead of collapsing from his wounds.

"This," the knight whispered, taking a pale hand in his and staring at Jack lovingly. "Marry me?"

Jack's jaw dropped open in shock. He tried to say something - anything - but the words failed him and his mouth snapped shut with an audible click. His father rumbled with laughter beside him, and he

turned around in confusion.

"He came to me a month ago, requesting my permission to ask your hand in marriage." The king winked at his son. "Of course, it is completely up to you whether you choose to turn him down or accept his proposal, but I think the odds are in his favor, wouldn't you agree?"

With damp eyes, Jack lunged at Hiccup and engulfed him in a tight hug, mindful of his knight's injury. "Yes, yes, a thousand times YES!" he exclaimed with a tearful smile before smashing their lips together in a fiery kiss.

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><p><strong>Author's Note<strong>: Sorry that was so bad, but thanks for reading :)

End  
file.